

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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The Seven Great Hymns of the Church





THE
SEVEN GREAT
HYMNS

THE
SEVEN GREAT HYMNS
OF THE
Mediaeval Church

ANNOTATED BY
CHARLES C. NOTT

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION

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To
the One who First Inspired
the Work, it is
Dedicated



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INTRODUCTION.

THE first edition of the Seven Great Hymns was published anonymously, years ago, because I did not wish to assume a scholarship which I did not possess. In framing the book the process of selection and rejection was instinctive or intuitive rather than the operation of a well-informed judgment. It was the case of one reaching out for something which he intensely desired to find with the result of finding it. The purpose of the book was what might be termed exposition—to give to American readers an exposition of the subject by placing before them the greatest of the mediæval hymns, and an exposition of each hymn by appending to it its best translation. Since then there have been immense additions to the English branch of the subject in the form of translations and commentaries; and it would be an easy task now with the material at hand to make this volume

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three times its present size; but after traveling around the circle of these years I stop very nearly where I began, for I am now of the opinion that the present edition, with the alterations and additions which it embodies, does about all for the reader in the way of exposition, either of the general subject or of the several hymns, which it is possible for me to do.

During this lapse of years there have been three books published which should be brought to the attention of any person who may be interested in early religious poetry. The first is the "Christ in Song" of Dr. Schaff. This is not limited to mediæval times, but on the contrary contains a wealth of the best hymns of all times and lands. In it will be found many translations of mediæval hymns with Dr. Schaff's annotations—the annotations of one of the most learned and judicious commentators who ever touched the subject. The second is a small volume of mediæval hymns with translations and notes by the late Erastus C. Benedict, a member of the New York bar. Its title is "The Hymn of Hildebert." The third is the "Christian Life and Song" of Mrs. Charles,

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etter known as the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. This work sweeps over the whole wide horizon of Greek, Latin and German hymns, and is, in my opinion, the most interesting and trustworthy work of combined history and translation that has ever been published in English. Indeed, I know of no book which so combines the fervor of a religious and poetic temperament with the calm discrimination and good sense of a judicial mind.

During these intervening years, I have not, in the proper sense of the term, pursued the study of mediæval hymns, but there are some conclusions of my maturer judgment which I wish to note; and there are some changes in this final edition which should be explained:

I.

The *De Contemptu Mundi* is not properly a hymn. It has come to be classed as such in consequence of the admiration of Archbishop Trench and the beautiful paraphrase of Dr. Neale. It cannot, therefore, be compared with the other hymns in this volume, but stands

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alone a fragment taken from an extended poem. The subsequent notes, retained from the first edition, will disclose the difficulty, the almost impossibility of translation into English and the incomparable adaptability of the Latin, both for measure and rhyme. Nevertheless, the Rev. Samuel W. Duffield has made a translation in the measure of the original with the intermediate dactylic rhymes and the final double-rhymes, which moreover, is a literal rendering of the poem line for line and often word for word. The introduction of Mr. Duffield is also a valuable essay upon the construction of the verse.

The great difficulty of rendering these mediæval hymns into English is caused by the fact that generally they are both in Latin and in rhyme, and the rhyme is often double-rhyme, an element which is little better than artificial in our monosyllabic English tongue. If the reader will compare the following specimens he will see how far apart translators can be.

The first translation is Mr. Duffield's; the second is one which I made for the *Seven Great Hymns*; the third, it is needless to say, is Dr. Neale's.

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Hora novissima, || tempora pessima || sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter || imminet arbiter || ille supremus.
Imminet, imminet || et mala terminet, || æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret, || anxia liberet, || æthera donet,
Auserat aspera || duraque pondera || mentes onustæ,
Sobria muniat, || improba puniat, || utraque juste.

These are the latter times, these are not better
times, let us stand waiting:
Lo, how with awfulness He, first in lawfulness,
comes arbitrating!
Nearer and nearer yet!—Wrong shall in terror set,
right shine resplendent.
Sad ones He liberates, righteous renumerates, ever
indulgent;
Harshness He mitigates, burdened souls animates,
freeing them lightly;
Holy ones blesseth He, wicked distresseth He—
each alike rightly.

Hours of the latest! times of the basest! our vigil before us!
Judgment eternal of Being supernal now hanging o'er us!
Evil to terminate, equity vindicate, cometh the Kingly;
Righteousness seeing, anxious hearts freeing, crowning each singly,
Bearing life's weariness, taunting life's bitterness, life as it must be
Th' righteous retaining, sinners arraigning, judging all justly.

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—

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The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom!

II.

The *Dies Iræ* is undoubtedly the greatest of the mediæval hymns. It stands “majestic and solitary” in the words of Mr. Benedict; its strain is “so clear and deep that its softest tones are heard throughout Christendom,” in the words of Mrs. Charles. The zeal of the translator has not cooled, and many translations have been published, and many, unpublished, have been sent to me since the first edition of this work. A second version was made by General Dix, which he deemed superior to the first, but which was unquestionably inferior. The first stanza, for example, is as follows:

Day of vengeance, lo! that morning
On the earth in ashes dawning,
David with the Sibyl warning.

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For this he displaced the stanza of the first version which the Rev. Franklin Johnson has characterized as never surpassed in “its high finish, its delicate suggestion of the antique and its perfection of form.” I have, therefore, retained the first version. The effort of translators generally has been to reproduce the double-rhyme of the original; but the truth is that the single-rhyme better preserves for the English reader the two important elements of simplicity and strength. Of such translations I have found none better than that of Mr. Sloston.

In 1883 a translation of the *Dies Iræ* was published by the Rev. Franklin Johnson, of Chicago, which I regard as the most nearly perfect in form that has ever been made, and which I have incorporated in this edition. Dr. Johnson says in his preface that he published a previous edition in 1865; that the work of translation occupied his attention at frequent intervals during a period of fifteen years, and that there were weeks in succession during which, both day and night, his mind was filled with the stanzas. I may well believe this, for nothing has ever been published which denotes

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in the translator such fervor of admiration restrained by such exacting criticism. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Dr. Johnson so scrupulously complied with his own inexorable canons as to dispoil his translation of poetic beauties which might better have been retained. For example, he sacrificed the most exact and poetical translation of the thirteenth stanza that has ever been made because it contained the word “shiven”—because the word shrive “is a sectarian term, and is used in general with reference to the Romish Church, the Dies Iræ being singularly free from everything peculiar to the communion of which its author was a member.” When the word is taken in connection with Him “by whom the thief was shiven,” I deem this criticism is too technical and the translation is as free from sectarianism as the original. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of restoring the rejected stanza. Taking this version all in all, its adherence to the measure of the original, its retention of the double-rhyme, its avoidance of the English participle ending in “ing,” its preservation of the ideas and imagery of the original, I doubt

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whether a better translation will ever be made by a translator of the critical school.

Nevertheleſs, these things must be borne in mind—that power is the great characteristic of the *Dies Iræ*; that its power cannot be transferred to English verse by means of the weakest form of English words; that the double-rhyme has, to the English ear, something of the jingle of the humorous ballad; and that, if we would feel the strength of the great hymn, we must, foregoing form, go to the old version of Crashaw, or to single-rhyme translations like that of Mr. Sloffon.

III.

The *Stabat Mater* loses more by translation, probably, than any other piece of poetry that was ever written. “The soft, sad melody of its verse is untranslatable” (Dr. Schaff). If we take the lines, melodious in their pathos,

Quæ mærebat et dolebat,
Pia mater, dum videbat,

and render them into English as Dr. Schaff has done,

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Who stood grieving, sighs upheaving,
Spirit-reaving, bosom-cleaving;

or as Dr. Coles translates them,

Trembling, grieving, bosom-heaving;
While perceiving, scarce believing,

we bring them perilously near to the absurd.

In a word, free translations do not catch the delicate pathos of the *Stabat Mater*, and are not echoes of its melody. I have hitherto had an occasion to say that a translator may well make three translations of a poem; one to portray its structure, that is, its measure, melody, movement and rhyme; one to present in detail its ideas and images; and one to produce an impression as similar as possible to that of the original on the mind of the reader. But many renderings do not seem to bring nearer to us the elusive power of this original. The more the *Stabat Mater* is translated, the farther it drifts from us.

Here, however, I should add that Dr. Franklin Johnson has published a translation of the *Stabat Mater*—a beautiful poem in a beautiful setting—which probably comes as near to the spirit of the original as English verse will ever bring us.

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The Mater Speciosa is not one of the Seven Great Hymns. It has been inserted here because it is closely associated with the other poem and in some degree an exposition of it. Like the *Stabat Mater*, it has generally been ascribed to *Jacobus de Benedictus*, and I have left his name as the reputed author. My own opinion, however, is that it was neither written by him nor before the *Stabat Mater*. These conclusions rest on what we know of *Jacobus* and on the internal evidence of the two poems. 1. One of them is undisputedly secondary—a companion-piece to the other. 2. The *Stabat Mater* is founded on the scriptural basis of the text in *John*, “there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother,” as the *Dies Irae* is founded on the scriptural basis of the terrible text in *Joel*. This fact alone is sufficient to be termed conclusive; i. e., the poem springs from that text and not from another poem. Conversely, the *Mater Speciosa* springs from the other poem and not from a scriptural image. The picture in *John* was the germ of both poems. 3. The *Stabat Mater* is the poem of the great tragedy of the world; the *Mater Speciosa* runs upon

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lines of ordinary human emotions. It follows the measure and catches the melody and adopts the sentiment of its original; but it is of inferior texture, and in places its pathos verges on the extravagant. 4. One or the other of these two poems has the fundamental element of imitation; it is necessarily a clever piece of literary workmanship, following the other in stanza, in measure, in words, and often in the repetition of lines; it may be melodious, poetical, beautiful, but confessedly it cannot be in the true sense of the term original. If I must choose between the two, I do not hesitate to say that the secondary poem is the *Speciosa*. The *Stabat Mater* seems to me one of those marvelous outbursts which seize the hearts and imaginations of men and come down the centuries with unabated power.

IV.

The *Veni Sancte Spiritus* is still represented by a single translation, that of Catherine Winkworth, which is indeed but a translation of a translation, the German. The reader will find a much more actual rendering in Mrs. Charles'

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“Christian Life in Song.” But here again the two renderings illustrate how the more free is occasionally the more literal; how it may give the leading thought or image of the author which the more critical may overlook. Thus the

Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Giver from a boundless store
Light of Hearts, O shine!

of Mrs. Charles, misses the impressive *Veni, Veni, Veni* of the original, which is splendidly rendered by Miss Winkworth:

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come with Thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

V.

The *Veni Creator Spiritus* has been ascribed to Charlemagne, and in the first edition it was said, with some reservation, that his authorship is not impossible. I have allowed his name to remain at the head of it, but my present conclusion is that it was written before the time of the Great King. Mr. Benedict, judging from internal evidence alone, ascribes it to St. Ambrose, who

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died in 397. It seems to me improbable that so well known a hymn would not have been always classed with his other hymns, and that it would have slept, if written before 397, for at least three hundred years.

VI.

The *Vexilla Regis* is the sixth of these expositional hymns. The first five, as it were, selected themselves, i. e., there was no question as to their being taken and others left. But at this point the work of rejection began. This hymn is not one of the great spiritual hymns of the world; but the object of this compilation was to give an exposition of the subject by hymns which were both representative and celebrated. The *Vexilla* has indeed been a famous hymn—a hymn of ecclesiastical warfare and victory which has rung around the world. “In the churches of our own country and time,” as the late President Welling has said, “may be heard snatches and echoes of that antique poesy which was first intoned in the New World by the Jesuit missionaries and Romish ecclesiastics who planted the cedar and

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the cedar-cross along the shores of the Great Lakes and the waters of the West, chanting the while, amidst the painted savages who stood around in their robes of beaver and buffalo, the sonorous passion-hymn of Fortunatus, “Vexilla regis prodeunt.”

VII.

The *Alleluiaitic Sequence* may likewise be classed as a famous hymn. It was selected for the same reasons as the *Vexilla Regis*, and for the additional reason that it is regarded as the parent of every *Hallelujah Chorus* that has been written since. At the time of the original compilation I hesitated for a long time between it and the *De Gloria et Gaudiis Paradisi* of Damiani, but at last compromised with my doubts by selecting the chorus but setting forth Mr. Wackerbarth’s translation of the *De Gloria* in the notes to the *Celestial Country*, where it will now be found.

C. C. NOTT.

January, 1902.

THE
CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

BERNARD DE MORLAS, monk of Cluni, is not to be confounded with the great Bernard his contemporary, Abbot of Clairvaux, and Saint in the Romish calendar. The place of his nativity is uncertain, and the years of his birth and of his death are alike unknown. He lived during the first half of the twelfth century ; he was born, according to one authority, at *Morlaix*, in Bretagne ; according to another, at *Morlas*, in the lower Pyrenees ; whilst a third gives his birth-place to England, and classes him with her illustrious writers (*De illustribus Angliae Scriptoribus*).¹ After seven centuries of comparative forgetfulness, the genius of two English scholars has revived a portion of his works ; and hereafter his name will be best known in that country, which may possibly possess his birth-place.

There still survive of his writings five poems, the greatest of which is *De Contemptu Mundi*. It was written about 1145, and contains three thousand lines, divided into three books. In substance the poem is a satire, unforgiving and severe: in form it is in dactylic hexameter verse. According to Dr. Duffield, to whose judgment I defer, "each line consists of a first part composed of two dactyls, a second containing two more dactyls, and a third made up of a dactyl and a trochee. The last dactyls of the first and second parts rhyme together, and the lines are in couplets—the final trochees also rhyming. This remark upon the dactylic nature of the rhymes in the first two parts is not made by Neale or Coles or the compiler of the Seven Great Hymns. They all italicise the last two syllables, whereas it should be the last three, i. e., the foot itself.

Sobria munita || improba punia || utraque juste,

is in all respects a perfect line—each foot being a word, and the rhyme unimpeachable."

This verse, so difficult that the English language is incapable of expressing it, is continued through the three thousand lines of the poem. In his preface the monk avows the belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the SPIRIT of GOD enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. After recounting its difficulties, and alluding to the faint attempts of the two great versifiers of his day, Hildebert de Lavardin and Wichard of Lyons, he exclaims: “I “may then assert, not in ostentation, but with “humble confidence, that if I had not received “directly from on high the gift of inspiration “and intelligence, I had not dared to attempt “an enterprise so little accorded to the powers “of the human mind.”

“This work,” says the author of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, “was drawn from the dust in 1483, and its publication “was achieved on the tenth of December of the same year, at “Paris, in magni domo campi Gaillardi. The Protestants, eager “to gather every thing which appears unfavorable to the Church “of Rome, have since multiplied the editions. Some Catholics “have also given to it some praises; and surely it merits them, “at least by the sentiments of piety which it exhales, and by the “zeal with which the author attacks the abuses of his time.”

“ In holy Rome the only power is gold ;
There all is bought—there every thing is sold.
Because she is the very way to right,
There truth is perished by unholy sleight.
Even as the wheel turns, Rome to evil turns,
Rome, that spreads fragrance as when incense burns.
Rome wrongs mankind, and teaches men the road
To flee far off from Righteousness’ abode !
To seek⁴ for ruinous and disgraceful gain,
The pallium’s self with simony to stain.
If aught you wish, be sure a goodly bribe
Will hasten the sealing of the lingering scribe.
Rise ! follow ! let your penny go before,
Seek boldly then the threshold ; fear no more
That any stumbling-blocks will bar the way,
The Pope’s own favor you can get for pay—
Without that help, ’tis best to keep away.”

The opening of this monkish satire on the corruptions of its barbarous age, glows with a description of the Heavenly Land more beautiful than ever before was wrought in verse. This a great scholar of our time has taken from the poem and brought within the reach and notice of the world (*Trench*). It also has been re-woven into simple English verse, and has received the appropriate name of **THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.**

The translator of **THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY** is Dr. John Mason Neale, Warden of Sackville College, Sussex, England, the most successful translator of mediæval hymns, and one of the most varied and voluminous writers of the time. “Lays and Legends of the Church of England ;” “A Church History for Children ;” seven volumes of romances ; a history of Greece ; a history of Portugal ; of the Patriarchate of Alexandria, and of the Jansenist Church of Holland ; a large number of tales and hymns for children, and a most learned and elaborate commentary on the Book of Psalms, are included in the long catalogue of his works.

This scholar of Cambridge, and this monk of Cluni, have given to the religious world the sweetest and dearest religious poem that our language contains. Dr. Neale says that he looks upon the lines of Bernard “as the most *lovely*, “in the same way that the *Dies Iræ* is the most “sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic “of mediæval poems,” but his own poem may claim more justly that word. **THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY** is better than *De Contemptu Mundi*.

The beautiful simplicity of its artless, childlike lines portrays more naturally the fervid imagery of the monk. After seven hundred years of darkness, the holy fervor of Bernard re-kindles in it as warmly as when in the warmth of his devotion he believed himself specially inspired by the Most High. In another language, at another time, and among those who can but dimly trace his name in the crumbling record of his works, the Rhyme of the poor monk re-lives to gladden the hearts of other Christians, loved by such as possess its faith, and treasured by the gentlest and the best of earth.³

THE
CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

DR. NEALE.

I.

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late ;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the GOD, shall doom !

2.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER,
Whose own it was before,
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

4.

Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,

And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee ;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite—
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

5.

Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around—
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace ! for war is needless—
Yes, calm ! for storm is past—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.

6.

That peace—but who may claim it ?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say—
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth ;
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth ;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high ;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.

7.

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below ;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.

8.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in fight ;
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill—
The infatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

9.

That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet ;
There, life set free from sin,
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in ;

When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great
(So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate) ;
And perfect from unperfected,
And fall'n from those that stand,⁴
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand.

10.

And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then—
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them ;
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth—
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified—
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,

Who made the Cross their watchword
Of JESUS Nazarene,
Who (fed with heavenly nectar
Where soul-like odors play)
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day.

I I.

And, through the sacred lilies
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide ;
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze :
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.

I 2.

Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,

Who gives instead of torment,
Eternal joys above—
Instead of torment, glory ;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites, is rife.

13.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care ;
The life that knows no ending—
The tearless life, is there.

14.

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high !
That worms should seek for dwelling,
Beyond the starry sky !
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace ;

For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place.

15.

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground ;
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure—
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know ;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

16.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And now we watch and struggle,

And now we live in hope,
 And Syon, in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope ;
 But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

17.

The miserable pleasures
 Of the body shall decay ;
 The bland and flattering struggles
 Of the flesh shall pass away ;
 And none shall there be jealous,
 And none shall there contend ;
 Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I ?
 All ill, all ill shall end !

18.

And there is David's Fountain,
 And life in fullest glow ;
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow—

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

19.

There JESUS shall embrace us,
There JESUS be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chafed.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall shew Him us, and shewing,
Shall satiate evermo.

20.

By hope we struggle onward :
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness ;
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness.

21.

And JESUS to His true ones
 Brings trophies fair to see ;
 And JESUS shall be loved, and
 Beheld in Galilee—
 Beheld, when morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day ;
 And every ear shall hear it—
 “Behold thy King’s array,
 Behold thy GOD in beauty,
 The Law hath pass’d away !”

22.

Yes ! GOD my King and Portion,
 In fulness of Thy grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
 Then Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
 And Leah into Rachel
 For ever shall be changed ;⁵

Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

23.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

24.

O one, O onely Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy,
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,

The hyssop of the wall ;
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is CHRIST.⁶

25.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise :
 “JESUS, *the Gem of Beauty,*
True GOD and Man,” they sing,
 “*The never-failing Garden,*
The ever-golden Ring ;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court ;
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port !”

26.

THOU HAST NO SHORE, FAIR OCEAN !
THOU HAST NO TIME, BRIGHT DAY !
DEAR FOUNTAIN OF REFRESHMENT
TO PILGRIMS FAR AWAY !
UPON THE ROCK OF AGES
THEY RAISE THY HOLY TOWER ;
THINE IS THE VICTOR'S LAUREL,
AND THINE THE GOLDEN DOWER !

27.

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile ;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own ;
The LAMB is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

28.

The only art thou needeft—
 Thanksgiving for thy lot ;
 The only joy thou seekest—
 The Life where Death is not.
 And all thine endless leisure,
 In sweetest accents, sings
 The ill that was thy merit,
 The wealth that is thy King's !

29.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN,
 WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST,
 BENEATH THY CONTEMPLATION
 SINK HEART AND VOICE OPPRESSED.
 I KNOW NOT, O I KNOW NOT,
 WHAT SOCIAL JOYS ARE THERE !
 WHAT RADIANCY OF GLORY,
 WHAT LIGHT BEYOND COMPARE !

30.

And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints ;

And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

31.

THEY STAND, THOSE HALLS OF SYON,
CONJUBILANT WITH SONG,
AND BRIGHT WITH MANY AN ANGEL,
AND ALL THE MARTYR THRONG ;
THE PRINCE IS EVER IN THEM,
THE DAYLIGHT IS SERENE ;
THE PASTURES OF THE BLESSED
ARE DECKED IN GLORIOUS SHEEN.

32.

THERE IS THE THRONE OF DAVID,
AND THERE, FROM CARE RELEASED,
THE SONG OF THEM THAT TRIUMPH,
THE SHOUT OF THEM THAT FEAST ;
AND THEY WHO, WITH THEIR LEADER,
HAVE CONQUERED IN THE FIGHT,
FOR EVER AND FOR EVER
ARE CLAD IN ROBES OF WHITE ! ?

33.

O holy, placid harp-notes
 Of that eternal hymn !

O sacred, sweet refection,
 And peace of Seraphim !

O thirst, for ever ardent,
 Yet evermore content !

O true peculiar vision
 Of God cunctipotent !

Ye know the many mansions
 For many a glorious name,
 And divers retributions
 That divers merits claim ;

For midst the constellations
 That deck our earthly sky,
 This star than that is brighter—
 And so it is on high.

34.

Jerusalem the glorious !
 The glory of the Elect !

O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect !

Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

35.

Jerusalem the onely,
That look'ft from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe ;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

36.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise !
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device !
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart ;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art !

37.

New mansion of new people,
 Whom GOD's own love and light
 Promote, increase, make holy,
 Identify, unite !
 Thou City of the Angels !
 Thou City of the LORD !
 Whose everlasting music
 Is the glorious decachord !⁸

38.

And there the band of Prophets
 United praise ascribes,
 And there the twelvefold chorus
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes,
 The lily-beds of virgins,
 The roses' martyr-glow,
 The cohort of the Fathers
 Who kept the Faith below.

39.

And there the Sole-Begotten
 Is LORD in regal state—

He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
O realm and home of Life !

40.

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I ;
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way ;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

41.

The best and dearest FATHER,
Who made me and who saved,

Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my fin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep :
But grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every fin away.

42.

O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold !
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace ?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bleſs !
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

43.

*Exult, O dust and ashes !
The LORD shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The LORD shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !⁹*

HORA NOVISSIMA.

BERNARD OF CLUNI.

HORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.

Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.

Imminet, imminet et mala terminet, æqua coronet,

Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet,
 Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentes onustæ,
 Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.

* * * * *

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur ;

Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur ;

O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;

O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis ;

Quid datur et quibus ? æther egentibus et cruce dignis,

Sidera veribus, optima fontibus, astra malignis.

Sunt modò prælia, postmodò præmia ; qualia ?
plena,

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque poena :
Spe modò vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone ;
Nunc tribulatio ; tunc recreatio, sceptra, coronæ :
Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,
Solvet enigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit.
Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus ibit Hebræus ;
Liber habebitur et celebrabitur hinc jubilæus.
Patria luminis, infacia turbinis, infacia litis,
Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israëlitis ;
Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.
Tunc erit omnibus infipientibus ora Tonantis
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis ;
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixa,
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.
Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.
Tunc Jacob Israël, et Lia tunc Rachel efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria pulcraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria collacrymantur ;

Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus,
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
Est ibi confita laurus, et infita cedrus hyfopo ;
Sunt radiantia jaspide mænia, clara pyropo :
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus ;
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque
Christus.

Tu fine littore, tu fine tempore, fons modò
rivus,

Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora :
Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa :
Tota negocia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita, quam bona præbita conju-
bilare.

Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis :
Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit :

O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.
Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena :
Est ibi pascua, mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus
albis

Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine
lite

In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlitæ.

Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis :
Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,
Pectora flammea spe modò, postea forte lucran-
tur.

Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cœlo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor,
anhelo :

Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro,
Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado
retro

Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,
Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia plena decore ;

Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, O Syon, O
pax,
Urbs fine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi
mendax ;
O fine luxibus, O fine luctibus, O fine lite
Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ !
Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, fa-
luto ;
Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte
perire,
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ ;
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.
Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fide-
que,
Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque.
Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit ;
In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, à lue lavit.
Gratia cœlica sustinet unica totius orbis,
Parcere fordibus, interioribus unctio morbis ;
Diluit omnia cœlica gratia, fons David undans
Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans ;
O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,

Ut videam bona, festaque confona, cœlica festa.
O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,
Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpetue
lauro,

O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?
O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?
Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque redditio, dicque,
videbis.

Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? dic,
Retinebis

O facer, O pius, O ter et amplius ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus, O miser, O reus hâc vidu-
atus.¹⁰

N O T E S.

¹ “Le surnom de Bernard varie en trois manières dans les manuscrits. Les uns l’expriment par Morlanensis qui Pitseus rapporte à une ville d’Angleterre sans la désigner ; les autres portent Morvalensis, que Fabricius explique de la vallée de Maurienne ; il en est enfin où l’on trouve Morlacensis, qu’on peut appliquer ou à Morlaix en Basse-Bretagne, ou à la Morlas dans le comté de Bigorre. Mais il est certain, ^{1°}, que la seconde dénomination est la plus rare ; ^{2°}, que les anciennes chartes emploient indifféremment les deux autres pour marquer un citoyen de la dernière ville, ce qui nous fait pencher à la regarder comme la vraie patrie de Bernard.”—*Histoire Littéraire de la France*.

Dr. Neale says that Bernard was “born at Morlaix in Bretagne, but of English parents.” Trench calls him “the contemporary and fellow-countryman of his more illustrious namesake of Clairvaux.” Pitseus simply says, “*Natione Angliis, ordinis S. Benedicti, Monachus Cluniacensis.*”

² In his introduction to “The Celestial Country,” Dr. Neale says:—“I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original ; because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness of the Latin.”—*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*. London, 2d Edition.

³ “As a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth,” says Dr. Neale, “the poem [*De Contemptu Mundi*] opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven, of such rare beauty

as not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject. Dean Trench, in his 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' gave a very beautiful cento of ninety-five lines from the work. From that cento I translated the larger part in the first edition of the present book, following the arrangement of Dean Trench, and not that of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original, attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have found their way into modern collections; so that in some shape or other the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalized among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry."

"It would be most unthankful did I not express my gratitude to God for the favor He has given some of the centos made from the poem, but especially *Jerusalem the Golden*. It has found a place in some twenty hymnals; and for the last two years it has hardly been possible to read any newspaper, which gives prominence to ecclesiastical news, without seeing its employment chronicled at some dedication or other festival. It is also a great favorite with dissenters, and has obtained admission to the Roman Catholic services. 'And I say this,' to quote Bernard's own preface, 'in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly.'

"But more thankful still am I that the Cluniac's verses should have soothed the dying hours of many of God's servants, the most striking instance, of which I know, is related in the memoir published by Mr. Brownlow, under the title, *A Little Child shall lead them*; where he says that the child of whom he writes, when suffering agonies which the medical attendants declared to be almost unparalleled, would lie without a murmur or motion, while the whole four hundred lines were read.

“I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the *Dies Iræ* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic of mediæval poems. They are even superior to that glorious hymn on the same subject, the *De Gloriâ et Gaudiis Paradisi* of St. Peter Damiani. For the sake of comparison, I quote some of the most striking stanzas of the latter, availing myself of the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth (*Med. Hymns*, 2d Edition, London):

THE GLORY AND JOYS OF PARADISE.

THERE nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun nor stars in courses bright;
For the LAMB to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

For the Saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure;
Crowned in triumph’s flushing honors,
Joy in unison secure;
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foes’ discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done;
For the flesh made spiritual
And the soul agree in one;
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being ;
Passingness hath passed away ;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay :
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit
Hath its varying palm assigned,
Love takes all as his possession,
Where his power hath all combined ;
So that all that each possesses
All partake in unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honor,
Unto this Thy city free
Lead me when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me—
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigor, while I labor
In the ceaseless battle pressed,
That Thou mayst, the conflict over,
Grant me everlasting rest ;
And I may at length inherit
Thee, my portion ever blest."

"Archdeacon Trench says very well, after referring to the Ode of Casimir (the great Latin poet of Poland), *Urit me Patriæ decor*, that both 'turn upon the same theme, the heavenly home-sickness; but with all the classical beauty of the Ode,

and it is great, who does not feel that the poor Cluniac monk's is the more real and deep utterance?"

"The Ode, however, is well worthy of a translation, and here is an attempt :

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

IT kindles all my soul,
 My Country's loveliness ! Those starry choirs
 That watch around the pole,
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
 Through golden halls that roll.
 O chorus of the night ! O planets, sworn
 The music of the spheres
 To follow ! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
 To rest till day appears !
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
 Why here, oh why so long,
 Do ye behold an exile from on high ?
 Here, O ye shining throng,
 With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie :
 Here let me drop my chain,
 And dust to dust returning, cast away
 The trammels that remain ;
 The rest of me shall spring to endless day !"

4 These two lines are taken from the last London edition. In some editions they are thus given :

" And the perfect from the shattered,
 And the fallen from them that stand."

5 "Leah and Rachel are allegorized in three different ways by mediæval poets. First, of the active and contemplative life; and



thence also, by an easy transition, to the toil we endure on earth, and the eternal contemplation of God's glory in Heaven as here. So again, in a fine but rugged prose in the Nuremberg Missal for St. Jerome's Day :

Then, when all carnal strife hath ceased,
And we from warfare are released,
O grant us in that Heavenly Feast
To see Thee as Thou art :
To Leah give, the battle won,
Her Rachel's dearer heart ;
To Martha, when the strife is done,
Her Mary's better part.

“The parallel symbol of Martha and Mary is, however, in this sense far more common, and is even found in epitaphs, as in that of Gundreda de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror :

A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love ;
And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.

“Bernard, in the passage we are considering, has a double propriety in the changes of which he speaks. Israel, according to St. Augustine's rendering, means, *He that bebolds God*; Rachel, according to the unwarrantable mediaeval explanation, *That bebolds the Beginning, i. e., CHRIST*. Thus, the change spoken of is from earth to the Beatific Vision; and has a reference also to the New Name and White Stone of the Apocalypse.

“The second allegory of Leah and Rachel expounds them of the Synagogue and the Church; the third makes them to represent earthly affliction patiently endured”—*Mediaeval Hymns.* 2d Edition.

6 "It is not without a deep mystical meaning that these stones are selected by the poet.

"The twelve foundation stones of the Apocalypse gave rise, as might be expected, to an infinite variety of mystical interpretations. 'Jasper,' says the comment of Marbodus, 'is the first foundation of the Church of God, and is of a green color.' 'It signifies those who always hold the Faith of God and never depart from it, or wither, but are always flourishing therein, and fear not the assaults of the devil.' 'The emerald is exceeding green, surpassing all gems and herbs in greenness.' 'By the emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigor of their faith, and dwell among infidels who be frigid and arid in their love.' 'The sardius, which is wholly red, signifies the martyrs who pour forth their blood for CHRIST.' 'The topaz is rare, and therefore precious. It has two colors, one like gold, the other clearer. In clearness it surpasses all gems, and nothing is more beautiful. It signifies those who love God and their neighbor.' 'The amethyst is entirely red, and shoots out rosy flames. Its color signifies earthly suffering; its emissions, prayers for those that cause it.'"

—*Mediaeval Hymns.* 2d Edition.

7 These stanzas are evidently considered by Dr. Neale his best. See page 37. *In deference to that opinion*, they are given here in the form in which they appear in the last edition of *Mediaeval Hymns*.

8 "Decacord, with reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the 'instrument of ten strings' of the perfect harmony of heaven."

9 "I have been so often asked to what tune the words of Bernard may be sung, that I may here mention that of Mr. Ewing, the earliest written, the best known, and with children the most

popular; that of my friend, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, perhaps the most ecclesiastical; and that of another friend, Mr. Edmund Sedding, which, to my mind, best expresses the meaning of the words."—*Mediæval Hymns.* 2d Edition.

¹⁰ No copy of *De Contemptu Mundi* is known to be in the United States, and hence the extract given is only the cento from Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, preceded by the first six lines of the poem. It is the part first translated by Dr. Neale, beginning at the line, "Brief life is here our portion."

NOTE, that in this edition of *The Celestial Country* these changes have been made:

1st. The poem has been divided into irregular stanzas. This change of form is partly for the convenience of those who love to refer and re-refer to favorite passages; partly to enable children readily to select from it stanzas to be learned or sung; but chiefly to render its intermingling sentences more clear to those who have not become familiar with its construction.

2d. The punctuation has been materially remodelled and changed.

3d. The author's text has been altered in three instances, where-in the errors corrected seem manifestly slips of the pen or blunders of the compositor, viz., in the ninth stanza, line fourteen, "those" is substituted for "them;" in the twenty-second stanza, line two, "Thy" is substituted for "His," and in the forty-first stanza, line nine, "But" is substituted for "And."

THE DIES IRÆ.

A FRANCISCAN monk named Thomas, born near the beginning of the thirteenth century, at Celano, a Neapolitan village, achieved some reputation in his time as the friend and biographer of St. Francis de Assisi, founder of the Order of Minorites. About the year 1250, as is supposed, he wrote a brief lyric, which, reaching above and beyond his creed and time, has entered in some form into the worship of every Christian people. In the Romish Burial Service it forms the *Sequence for the Dead*, and is sung with solemn majesty at the great Sixtine Chapel, while portions of it enter into the praise or meditations of nearly “all who profess and call themselves Christians.” So that, becoming more highly esteemed, and more generally known with each century of its long history, it is at the present time both sung at Rome and approved by all Protestant Christendom.

A long list might be framed of the great who have avowed for it a supreme admiration, excelling that yielded to any other composition of its kind. And such a roll would contain the names of men of different countries as of different creeds ; of soldiers, statesmen and poets ; of historians, Churchmen, and composers, upon whose lips it has hovered, and in whose works it has been engraved. Mozart, Haydn, Goethe, Schlegel, Johnson, Dryden, Scott, Milman, and Jeremy Taylor would be among these names.

This lyric, which is the greatest of hymns, nevertheless is cast in the simplest of forms. Beginning with an exclamation from the Scriptures, it continues through its few stanzas the address of a single actor upon a single subject. Its measure could not be more artless, nor its stanzas more simple. The august language in which it is clothed, it has bent into the form of rhyme, and this rhyme is of a kind which is said to be wanting in dignity, and better adapted to comic than to elevated verse. Yet it commands the homage of the Englishman, the German, the Italian, and the modern Greek ;

and even possesses so strange a gift of fascination, a gift in which no other composition equals and but one other approaches it, that the very sound of its words will allure him who is ignorant of their meaning.

This marvellous power cannot be measured and defined, yet a distinguished American clergyman has thus closely analyzed it : “ Com-
“ bining somewhat of the rhythm of classical
“ Latin, with the rhymes of the mediæval Latin,
“ treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and
“ grouping together the most startling imagery of
“ Scripture as to the last Judgment, and throwing
“ this into yet stronger relief by the barbaric sim-
“ plicity of the style in which it is set, and adding
“ to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences,
“ and uniting with the impassioned feelings of the
“ South, whence it emanated, the gravity of the
“ North, whose severer style it adopted.”—*Dr. W. R. Williams.*

The Great Hymn has ever allured and eluded translators. Its apparent artlessness and simplicity indicate that it can be turned readily into another language, but its secret power refuses to

be thus transferred. A German theologian (Lisco, Berlin, 1843) has collected and published eighty-seven versions, nearly all of which are in the German. In our English tongue the task of rendering the Latin into verse of the same measure is more difficult, and some of our translators have sought to reproduce the form, and others to preserve the power of the original. The reader of Scott will remember with what strength a few stanzas burst on us in the first reading of “The Lay.” In form and meaning they hardly claim the name of a translation, yet they have caught the spirit of the hymn with a vividness that nothing in our language equals.

The mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead ;
And bells toll’d out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit’s weal ;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose ;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song—

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA !

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;

While the pealing organ rung ;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung :

That day of wrath, that dreadful day !
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

I.

The established version of the hymn is known as that of Paris. It differs in but one line from that of Rome, which has for the third line of the first stanza, *Crucis expandens vexilla*.

There have been stanzas prefixed to the hymn and others added; but, in its great strength, it has shaken off all such spurious additions. A marble slab in the Church of St. Francis, at Mantua, bore a copy of the hymn prefaced by five stanzas, which many scholars have thought, from the great age of the church, authentic. But the church is a century younger than the hymn, and these stanzas condemn themselves:

Dies illa, dies iræ
Quam conemur prævenire,
Obveamque Deo iræ.

The inversion of the Scriptural text, the poverty of the rhyme, and the weakness of the thought, are not faults of the DIES IRÆ. Its author undoubtedly took the quotation from Zephaniah as a text, and placed it at the head

of his composition; and the inversion, “*Dies illa, dies iræ*,” is the play upon words to which an imitator alone would resort.

II.

The author of the first translation given in this volume, in a preface to his work, says:

“A production universally acknowledged to have no superior of its class should be as literally rendered as the structure of the language into which it is translated will admit. Moreover, no translation can be complete which does not conform to the original in its rhythmic quantities. The music of the *DIES IRÆ* is as old as the hymn, if not older; and with those who are familiar with both, they are inseparably connected in thought. To satisfy the exacting of such minds, the cadences must be the same.”

In this endeavor the author has so well succeeded, that when this version is compared stanza by stanza with the original, it will be found to be in the same trochaic measure, in the

same difficult double rhyme, in stanzas of the same triplicate construction, and, with fewest errors, to be as a translation the most literal and just that has been made. Yet this success in letters was achieved by a soldier, during the gloomiest period of a great and distracting war. The author is Major-General John A. Dix, U. S. V., and the translation was made at Fortress Monroe, in the second year of the Rebellion.

III.

The intense power of the Great Hymn is also exemplified in the different renderings which have been made by the same author. Dr. Abraham Coles, an American physician, has performed indeed the remarkable task of making thirteen different versions; six of which are in the trochaic measure and double rhyme of the hymn, and all are sufficiently distinct and original to form the creditable work of thirteen different men. This version is the first of Dr. Coles.

IV.

The next version is that of the Rev. Franklin Johnson, spoken of in the introduction and now substituted in the place of one of Dr. Coles'.

V.

This version is by that nobleman of whom Pope has written :

“Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good,
Of manners generous as his noble blood :
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author’s merit but his own.”

And of whom Dryden has confessed :

“It was my Lord Roscommon’s essay on
“translated verse which made me uneasy till I
“tried whether or no I was capable of follow-
“ing his rules, and of reducing the speculation
“into practice.”

And of whom Johnson has recorded :

“At the moment in which he expired, he
“uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed

“ the most fervent devotion, two lines of his
“ own version of *DIES IRÆ*:

‘ My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.’ ”

In the beautiful fervor of its devotion, Roscommon's excels all other translations, but its verse is not that of the *DIES IRÆ*.

VI.

Crashaw, the contemporary of Herbert, and friend of Cowley, is the author of this version. It is the oldest in our language (1646), though there is a weak paraphrase by Drummond of Hawthornden, beginning :

Ah, silly soul ! what wilt thou say
When He, whom heaven and earth obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day !

No translation surpasses Crashaw's in strength, but the form of his stanza and the measure of his verse are least like those of the original.

VII.

The version of Dr. W. J. Irons may be regarded as the accepted version of the present day in Great Britain, and is the one selected by the *Hymnal Noted*. It is in the double rhyme and measure of the original, and parts of it bear a striking resemblance to the American version of General Dix. But a much more curious coincidence in conception, with an absolute identity of language in many parts, exists in the unpublished version of an accomplished translator (Mr. A. Périès, of Philadelphia), wherein several stanzas differ but little from those of General Dix. The eleventh stands as follows :

“ Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant us sinners absolution
Ere the day of dissolution !”

VIII.

It is a notable fact in the history of the *DIES IRÆ*, that the best English translations which we possess are not the work of our

great poets. A recent version, which so capable and accomplished a critic as Mr. Prime pronounces to be “in many respects the best English version hitherto produced, and peculiarly valuable for those who do not read the Latin, and who desire to gain some idea of the power and beauty of this most celebrated hymn of the Church,” also illustrates this remarkable fact. The author is Edward Slofson, Esq., of the bar of New York.

And in this connection it may be observed, that even so accomplished a master in prose and verse as Macaulay has succeeded no better in the difficult task than is shown by his version written for the London *Christian Observer* in 1826, beginning—

“On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away.
Thus the Sibyl sang of old ;
Thus hath holy David told.
There shall be a deadly fear
When the Avenger shall appear ;
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of men shall lie.”

I.

THOMAS DE CELANO.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et angustiæ, dies calamitatis et miseriæ, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulæ et turbinis, dies tubæ et clangoris super civitatis munitas, et super angulos excelsos!—*Sophonia*, i. 15, 16.

I.

DIIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

III.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

II.

GENERAL DIX.

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!—ZEPHANIAH, i. 15, 16.

I.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

2.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

3.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

IV.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
 Quum resurget creatura,
 Judicanti responsura.

V.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
 In quo totum continetur,
 Unde mundus judicetur.

VI.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet, apparebit :
 Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.

Quid sum, miser ! tunc dicturus,
 Quem patronum rogaturus,
 Quum vix justus sit securus ?

4.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

5.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages !

6.

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

7.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended ?

viii.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me, fons pietatis !

ix.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;
 Ne me perdas illâ die !

x.

Quærens me, sedisti laffus,
 Redemisti, crucem passus :
 Tantus labor non fit caffus.

xi.

Juste Judex ultioris,
 Donum fac remissionis
 Ante diem rationis.

8.

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us !

9.

Holy JESUS, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

10.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me ;
By Thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

11.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

xii.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
 Culpâ rubet vultus meus ;
 Supplicanti parce, Deus !

xiii.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
 Et latronem exaudisti,
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

xiv.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
 Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
 Ne perenni cremer igne !

xv.

Inter oves locum præsta,
 Et ab hædis me sequestra,
 Statuens in parte dextrâ.

12.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

13.

Thou to Mary gav'ſt remission,
Heard'ſt the dying thief's petition,
Bad'ſt me hope in my contrition.

14.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

15.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding !

xvi.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis !

xvii.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

xviii.

Lacrymosa dies illa !
Qua resurget ex favillâ.
Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus !

16.

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded !

17.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning ;
Save, O save me from the burning !

18.

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition !

III.

DR. COLES.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

2.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render.

3.

Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

DR. JOHNSON.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning !
Earth shall end, to ashes turning :
Thus sing Saint and Seer discerning.

2.

Ah, the dread beyond expression
When the Judge in awful session
Searcheth out the world's transgression !

3.

Then is heard a sound of wonder :
Mighty blasts of trumpet-thunder
Rend the sepulchers asunder.

4.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

5.

Book where actions are recorded,
All the ages have afforded
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

6.

When shall fit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

7.

What shall I say, that time pending ?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending ?

4.

What can e'er that woe resemble
Where even Death and Nature tremble
As the rising throngs assemble !

5.

Vain, my soul, is all concealing ;
For the Book is brought, revealing
Every deed and thought and feeling.

6.

On His throne the Judge is seated,
And our sins are loud repeated,
And to each is vengeance meted.

7.

Wretched me ! How gain a hearing,
Where the righteous falter, fearing,
At the pomp of His appearing ?

8.

Dreadful KING, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save Thou me, O Fount of Blessing !

9.

Think, O JESUS, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season !

10.

Seeking me Thy worn feet hafted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted :
Let such travail not be wasted !

11.

Righteous Judge of retribution !
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution !

8.

King of majesty and splendor,
Fount of pity, true and tender,
Be, Thyself, my strong defender.

9.

From Thy woes my hope I borrow :
I did cause Thy way of sorrow :
Do not lose me on that morrow.

10.

Seeking me, Thou weary sankest,
Nor from scourge and cross Thou shrankest
Make not vain the cup Thou drankeſt.

11.

Thou wert righteous even in slaying ;
Yet forgive my guilty straying,
Now, before that day dismaying.

12.

Culprit-like I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token :
Let the pardoning word be spoken !

13.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition,

14.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Lest I endless fire inherit !

15.

Be there, Lord, my place decided
With Thy sheep, from goats divided,
Kindly to Thy right hand guided !

12.

Though my fins with shame suffuse me,
Though my very moans accuse me,
Canst Thou, Loving One, refuse me?

13.

He by whom the Thief was shriven
And the Magdalen forgiven
Grants to me the hope of Heaven.

14.

Though unworthy my petition,
Grant me full and free remission,
And redeem me from perdition.

15.

Be my lot in love decreed me:
From the goats in safety lead me;
With Thy sheep forever feed me.

16.

When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven !

17.

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, fighing,
Care for me when I am dying !

18.

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence :
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, LORD, in that hour of terror !

16.

When Thy foes are all confounded,
And with bitter flames surrounded,
Call me to Thy bliss unbounded.

17.

From the dust, I pray Thee, hear me :
When my end shall come, be near me ;
Let Thy grace sustain and cheer me.

18.

Ah, that day, that day of weeping,
When, no more in ashes sleeping,
Man shall rise and stand before Thee !
Spare him, spare him, I implore Thee.

V.

EARL ROSCOMMON.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

2.

What horror will invade the mind
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find.

3.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

VI.

RICHARD CRASHAW

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away !

2.

O that Fire ! before whose face
Heaven and earth shall find no place :
O those Eyes ! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

3.

O that Trump ! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

4.

Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

5.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred, mystic book be read
To try the living and the dead.

6.

The Judge ascends His awful throne ;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

7.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake
When the most just have cause to quake !

4.

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death !
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, “ We come, we come ! ” and all
The caves of night answer one call.

5.

O that book ! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
O that Judge ! whose hand, whose eye
None can endure, yet none can fly.

6.

Ah then, poor soul ! what wilt thou say ?
And to what patron choose to pray,
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more shall stand ?

7.

But Thou giv’st leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee ;
And with the wings of Thine own dove
Fly to Thy sceptre of soft love !

8.

Thou mighty, formidable KING !
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring !

9.

Forget not what my ransom cost ;
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terrors tost.

10.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be vain !

11.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting day !

8.

Dear [LORD], remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way ;
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldest be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me !

9.

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost ?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness ?

10.

Just Mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me ;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

11.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye ;
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without, and pale within.

12.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep ! accept my tears !

13.

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief
Haft given me hope, now give relief !

14.

Reject not my unworthy prayer ;
Preserve me from the dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

15.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among Thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

12.

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day !
If Sin can figh, Love can forgive,
O, say the word, my soul shall live !

13.

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confes'd and crowned,
Hope tells my heart the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

14.

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine ;
But Thou Thy bounteous self still be,
And show Thou art by faving me.

15.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come ye blessed" then call me !

16.

From that infatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

17.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend :
Do not forsake me in my end !

18.

Well may they curse their second breath
Who rise to a reviving death :
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find !

16.

When the dread “*ITÆ*” shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left fide,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand !

17.

O, hear a suppliant heart all crush’d,
And crumbled into contrite dust !
My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend !
Take charge of me, and of my end !

VII.

DR. IRONS.

I.

DAY of Wrath ! O Day of mourning !
See ! once more the Cross returning,
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning !

2.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !

3.

Wondrous found the Trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !

VIII.

MR. SLOSSON.

I.

DAY OF WRATH ! of days THAT DAY !
Earth in flames shall melt away,
Psalmist thus and Sibyl say.

2.

What swift terrors then shall fall,
When descends the Judge of all,
Every action to recall !

3.

When the trump, with wondrous tone
Through the graves of nations gone,
Bids the race confront the Throne.

4.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making !

5.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded !
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?

4.

Death shall die—fair nature too ;
As the creature, ris'n anew,
Answers to his God's review.

5.

He the scroll of fate shall spread,
Writ with all things done or said,
Thence to judge th' awaken'd dead.

6.

Lo ! He takes His seat of light ;
All that's dark shall leap to fight,
Guilt, the sword of vengeance smite.

7.

What can I, then, wretched, plead ?
Who will mediate in my need
When the just shall scarce succeed ?

8.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !

9.

Think ! Kind Jesu, my salvation
Caus'd Thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation !

10.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me !

11.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion !

8.

King majestic ! Sovereign dread !
Saving all for whom He bled,
Save Thou me ! Salvation's Head !

9.

Holy Jesus ! priceless stay !
Think ! for *me* Thy bleeding way !
Lose me not, upon That Day.

10.

Faint and weary, Thou hast fought,
By the Cross, my crown hast bought ;
Can such anguish be for naught ?

11.

Oh ! avenging Judge severe,
Grant remission, full and clear,
Ere th' accounting day appear.

12.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning !

13.

Thou, the sinful woman savest,
Thou, the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest !

14.

Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

15.

With Thy favor'd sheep, O place me !
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

12.

Like a guilty thing I moan,
Flush'd my cheek, my sins I own,
Hear, O God, Thy suppliant's groan !

13.

Magdalen found grace with Thee,
So the thief upon the tree ;
Hope Thou givest e'en to me.

14.

Worthless are my vows, I know,
Yet, dear Lord, Thy pity show,
Lest I sink in endless woe.

15.

From the goats my lot divide,
With Thy lambs a place provide,
On Thy right and near Thy side.

16.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me ! with Thy saints surrounded.

17.

Low I kneel, with heart submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition ;
Help me, in my last condition !

18.

Ah ! that Day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare ! O God, in mercy, spare him !

Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed Requiem ! Amen.

16.

When th' accursèd sink in shame,
Given to tormenting flame,
With Thy blessed call my name.

17.

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer ;
Heart like cinders, fee, I bear ;
Its last throbbing be Thy care !

18.

AH ! THAT DAY of burning tears,
When from ashes reappears
Man all guilt, his doom to bear—
SPARE HIM, GOD ! IN MERCY, SPARE !

THE STABAT MATER.

THE STABAT MATER, with the *Dies Iræ*, possesses the power of imparting a shadowy impression of its meaning by the melody of its verse. Its soft, sad cadence echoes the feeling of its pathetic words. In fame it ranks next to the *Dies Iræ*, yet is neither so simple nor so grand; nor does it rise, like the Great Hymn, above sectarian faults. It has attracted the same great admiration, and been praised and repeated by the same great admirers, but always in a lesser degree. As the *Dies Iræ* has been pronounced the greatest, so the STABAT MATER universally is deemed the most pathetic of hymns.

The life of its author was in fit keeping with its plaintive utterances. He was born at Todi, of the noble Italian house of Benedette, and rose to distinction as a jurist. A few years

After the *Dies Iræ* was written (1268), he lost his wife, and, broken-hearted, renounced the world to join, like Thomas of Celano, the Order of St. Francis. In the ardor of his devotion, he tried to atone by self-sought tortures not only for his own sins, but, like our Saviour, for the sins of others. At last his sorrows sank into insanity and ended in death.

Dying about the time that Petrarch was born, and while Dante was still a young man, his *Cantate Spirituali* mark the dawning day of the Italian language. In an old Venetian copy of these, the historian of the Franciscans (Wadding) found a number of Latin poems, amongst which was the STABAT MATER, and thus established for the Order of St. Francis the honor of producing, within the same century, the two most celebrated of Latin hymns.

When the first edition of this book was published, there was a weakness in the English exposition of the STABAT MATER which no search after fitting translations could cure, and the reader was warned that few English versions had been made, and not one that strictly pre-

served its measure. That of Lord Lindsay was selected, and is still retained, as best expressing the pathos of the original. Since then, however, this portion of our literature has received such additions as will render the exposition of the most pathetic of hymns as complete as it probably ever can be made.

The first of these new versions is by the accomplished soldier whose version of the *Dies Iræ* previously is given. The fact is noticeable that while his accurate rhythmic translation of the “Great Hymn” was written amidst the din of war, and while its author was on duty in the field, this pathetic version of the STABAT MATER has been composed while its author was surrounded by the gayeties of the French capital, and engrossed in his duties as Minister Plenipotentiary. In a private letter, General Dix says :—

“As I proceeded, I could not but think under how much more favorable circumstances than mine JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS must have written the immortal hymn. He was in all probability fitting in his narrow cell, the external world entirely shut out, with nothing before him but a crucifix, to which it was only necessary to lift his eyes for aid when he felt the spirit of inspiration flag-

ging. On the other hand, I was compelled to write in a Parisian saloon, amid the glare of meretricious gilding, almost under the shadow of the great triumphal arch—one of those gigantic memorials of human victories which for the cause of human civilization had much better be forgotten than commemorated; the canvas on the walls swarming with young fauns, cupids, and other Pagan devices.

“In making the translation I kept in view three or four leading objects which I will briefly state.

- “1. An inflexible adherence to the rhythm.
- “2. A faithful preservation of every thought contained in the original.
- “3. A vigorous exclusion of every thought not contained in it.
- “4. A preservation as far as possible, of the tenderness of feeling and expression, which is the characteristic of the hymn.”

The second of the new translations is by that accomplished author, two of whose remarkable renderings of the *Dies Iræ* already enrich this work. Of the version now given a distinguished scholar says, “The English double rhyme rarely expresses the melody and pathos of the Latin. Dr. Abraham Coles, of Newark, has probably best succeeded in a faithful rendering of the *Mater Dolorosa*.”—Dr. Philip Schaff.

A further exposition of the STABAT MATER is given in the newly found companion-hymn, *Stabat*

Mater Speciosa, with its translation, the last work of Dr. John Mason Neale. This long-lost lyric has recently been introduced to American readers by Dr. Schaff, who has briefly told its story, and thus admirably analyzed its relation to the STABAT MATER :—

“While the latter has been known and admired for nearly five centuries, the former, though probably as old, was buried in obscurity, until it was brought to light in our day by A. F. Ozanam in his work on the Franciscan Poets, and in the improved German edition of this work by Julius, with an admirable translation of the hymn by Cardinal Diepenbrock, then bishop of Breslau. The poem has also attracted the attention of English hymnologists, and been translated for the first time into English by the late Dr. John Mason Neale, who published the original Latin with the translation a few days before his death, in August, 1866, thus closing his useful and brilliant hymnological labors.

The Mater Speciosa and the Mater Dolorosa are, apparently, the product of the same genius. They are companion-hymns, and resemble each other like twin sisters. The Mater Dolorosa was evidently suggested by the Scripture scene, as briefly stated by St. John, *Stabat iuxta crucem mater ejus*; and this again, suggested the cradle-hymn as a counterpart. It is a parallelism of contrast which runs from beginning to end. The Mater Speciosa is a Christmas hymn, and sings the overflowing joy of Mary at the cradle of the new-born Saviour. The Mater Dolorosa is a Good Friday hymn, and sings the piercing agony of Mary at the cross of her

divine human Son. They breathe the same love to Christ, and the burning desire to become identified with Mary by sympathy in the intensity of her joy as in the intensity of her grief. They are the same in structure, and excel alike in the singularly touching music of language, and the soft cadence that echoes the sentiment. Both consist of two parts, the first of which describes the objective situation; the second identifies the author with the situation, and addresses the Virgin as an object of worship. Both bear the impress of their age and the monastic order which probably gave them birth. The mysterious charm and power of the two hymns are due to the subject and to the intensity of feeling with which the author seized it. Mary at the manger, and Mary at the cross, opens a vista to an abyss of joy and of grief such as the world never saw before. Mary stood there not only as the mother, but as the representative of the whole Christian church, for which the eternal Son of God was born an infant in the manger, and for which he suffered the most ignominious death on the cross.

S T A B A T M A T E R .

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.

I.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat filius.
 Cujus animam gementem,
 Contristatam et dolentem,
 Pertransivit gladius.

II.

O quam tristis et afflita,
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater unigeniti !
 Quæ moerebat et dolebat,
 Pia mater, dum videbat
 Nati poenas inclyti.

THE STABAT MATER.

LORD LINDSAY.

I.

BY the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
While on it the Saviour hung;
In that hour of deep distress,
Pierced the sword of bitterness
Through her heart with sorrow wrung.

2.

Oh! how sad, how woe-begone
Was that ever-blessed one,
Mother of the Son of God!
Oh! what bitter tears she shed
Whilst before her JESUS bled
'Neath the Father's penal rod!

III.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
 Christi matrem si videret
 In tanto supplicio?
 Quis non posset contristari
 Piam matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum filio?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
 Vedit Jesum in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum.
 Vedit suum dulcem natum,
 Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

V.

Eia mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
 In amando Christum Deum
 Ut illi complaceam.

3.

Who's the man could view unmoved
CHRIST's sweet mother, whom HE loved,
 In such dire extremity?
Who his pitying tears withhold,
CHRIST's sweet mother to behold
 Sharing in His agony?

4.

For the Father's broken law,
Mary thus the Saviour saw
 Sport of human cruelties—
Saw her sweet, her only Son,
God-forsaken and undone,
 Die a sinless sacrifice!

5.

Mary mother, fount of love,
Make me share thy sorrow, move
 All my soul to sympathy!
Make my heart within me glow
With the love of JESUS—so
 Shall I find acceptancy.

VI.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo valide.
 Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Pœnas mecum divide.

VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero.
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
 Et tibi me fociare
 In planctu desidero.

VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara ;
 Fac me tecum plangere.
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem
 Passonis fac confortem,
 Et plagas recolere.

6.

Print, O Mother, on my heart,
Deeply print the wounds, the smart
 Of my Saviour's chastisement;
He who, to redeem my loss,
Deigned to bleed upon the cross—
 Make me share His punishment.

7.

Ever with thee, at thy fide,
'Neath the CHRIST, the Crucified,
 Mournful mother, let me be!
By the Cross sad vigil keeping,
Ever watchful, ever weeping,
 Thy companion constantly!

8.

Maid of maidens, undefiled,
Mother gracious, mother mild,
 Melt my heart to weep with thee!
Crown me with CHRIST's thorny wreath,
Make me consort of His death,
 Sharer of His victory.

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
 Et cruore filii.
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,
 In die judicii.

X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
 Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
 Paradisi gloria.

9.

Never from the mingled tide
Flowing still from JESUS' side,
— May my lips inebriate turn ;
And when in the day of doom,
Lightning-like He rends the tomb,
Shield, oh shield me, lest I burn !

10.

So the shadow of the tree
Where thy JESUS bled for me
Still shall be my fortalice ;
So when flesh and spirit sever
Shall I live, thy boon, for ever
In the joys of Paradise !

S T A B A T M A T E R.

GENERAL DIX.

I.

NEAR the Cross the Saviour bearing
Stood the mother lone, despairing,
Bitter tears down falling fast.
Wearied was her heart with grieving,
Worn her breast with sorrow heaving,
Through her soul the sword had passed.

2.

Ah ! how sad and broken-hearted
Was that blessed mother, parted
From the God-begotten One !
How her loving heart did languish
When she saw the mortal anguish
Which o'erwhelmed her peerless Son.

STABAT MATER.

DR. COLES.

I.

STOOD the afflicted mother weeping
Near the cross her station keeping
Whereon hung her Son and Lord ;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing
Also passed the cruel sword.

2.

Oh ! how mournful and distressed
Was that favored and most blessed
Mother of the only Son !
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One.

3.

Who could witness without weeping
Such a flood of sorrow sweeping
 O'er the stricken mother's breast ?
Who contemplate without being
Moved to kindred grief by seeing
 Son and mother thus oppressed ?

4.

For our sins she saw Him bending
And the cruel lash descending
 On His body stripped and bare ;
Saw her own dear Jesus dying,
Heard His spirit's last out-crying
 Sharp with anguish and despair.

5.

Gentle Mother, love's pure fountain !
Cast, oh ! cast on me the mountain
 Of thy grief that I may weep ;
Let my heart with ardor burning,
Christ's unbounded love returning,
 His rich favor win and keep.

3.

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild ?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child ?

4.

For His people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod ;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield His spirit up to God.

5.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
Tender mother, fount of love !
Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
I may be to Him above.

6.

Holy Mother, be thy study
Christ's dear image scarred and bloody
To enshrine within my heart !
Martyred Son ! whose grace has set me
Free from endless death, oh ! let me
Of Thy sufferings bear a part.

7.

Mother, let our tears commingle,
Be the crucifix my single
Sign of sorrow while I live :
Let me by the Cross stand near thee,
There to see thee, there to hear thee,
For each sigh a sigh to give.

8.

Purest of the Virgins ! turn not
Thy displeasure on me—spurn not
My desire to weep with thee.
Let me live Christ's passion sharing,
All His wounds and forrows bearing
In my tearful memory.

6.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the slain one's wounds be planted
 Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of Him wounded, all astounded—
Depths unbounded for me founded,
 All the pangs with me divide.

7.

Make me weep with thee in union ;
With the Crucified, communion
 In His grief and suffering give ;
Near the cross with tears unfailing
I would join thee in thy wailing
 Here as long as I shall live.

8.

Maid of maidens, all excelling !
Be not bitter, me repelling,
 Make thou me a mourner too ;
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share His passion, shame defying,
 All His wounds in me renew.

9.

Be, ye wounds, my tribulation !
Be, thou Croſs, my inspiration !
Mark, O blood, my Heaven-ward way.
Thus to fervor rapt, O tender
Virgin, be thou my defender
In the dreadful Judgment Day.

10.

With the Croſs my faith I'll cherish ;
By Christ's death sustained I'll perish,
Through His grace again to rise.
Come then, Death, this body sealing,
To my ransomed soul revealing
Glorious days in Paradise.

9.

Wound for wound be there created ;
With the cross intoxicated
For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
In the solemn Judgment Day.

10.

Let me by the Cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
Nourished by divine supplies.
When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
Glories bright of Paradise.

MATER SPECIOSA.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.

I.

STABAT Mater speciosa
 Juxta fœnum gaudiosa,
 Dum jacebat parvulus ;
 Cujus animam gaudentem
 Lactabundam ac ferventem
 Pertransivit jubilus.

II.

O quam læta et beata
 Fuit illa immaculata
 Mater Unigeniti !
 Quæ gaudebat et ridebat,
 Exultabat, cum videbat
 Nati partum inclyti.

MATER SPECIOSA.

DR. NEALE.

I.

FULL of beauty stood the mother
By the manger, blest o'er other,
Where her little one she lays:
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

2.

Oh ! what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed mother, kneeling
By the Sole-Begotten One !
How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw His birth, the glorious Son.

III.

Quis jam est, qui non gauderet
 Christi matrem si videret
 In tanto solatio ?
 Quis non posset collætari,
 Christi matrem contemplari
 Ludentem cum filio ?

IV.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
 Christum vidi cum jumentis
 Et algori subditum ;
 Vidi suum dulcem natum
 Vagientem, adoratum
 Vili diversorio.

V.

Nato Christo in præsepe
 Cœli cives canunt læte
 Cum immenso gaudio ;
 Stabat senex cum puella
 Non cum verbo nec loquela
 Stupescentes cordibus

3.

Who is he, that fight who beareth,
Nor Christ's mother's solace shareth
In her bosom as He lay :
Who is he that would not render
Tend'rest love for love so tender,
Love, with that dear babe at play ?

4.

For the trespass of her nation
She with oxen saw His station
Subjected to cold and woe ;
Saw her sweetest offspring's wailing,
Wise men Him with worship hailing,
In the stable, mean and low.

5.

Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the stranger,
In the great joy-bearing part ;
Stood the old man with the maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

VI.

Eja mater, fons amoris,
 Me sentire vim ardoris,
 Fac ut tecum sentiam !
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amatum Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

VII.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
 Prone introducas plagas
 Cordi fixas valide.
 Tui nati cœlo lapsi,
 Jam dignati fœno nasci
 Pœnas mecum divide.

VIII.

Fac me vere congaudere,
 Jefulino cohærere
 Donec ego vixero.
 In me fistat ardor tui ;
 Puerino fac me frui
 Dum sum in exilio.
 Hunc ardorem fac communem,
 Ne me facias immunem
 Ab hoc desiderio.

6.

Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
- Learn to sympathize with thee :
Let me raise my heart's devotion
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

7.

Mother, let me win this blessing,
Let His sorrow's deep impressing
In my heart engraved remain :
Since thy Son, from heaven descending,
Deigned to bear the manger's tending,
Oh ! divide with me His pain.

8.

Keep my heart its gladness bringing,
To my Jesus ever clinging
Long as this my life shall last ;
Love like that thine own love, give it,
On my little child to rivet,
Till this exile shall be past.
Let me share thine own affliction ;
Let me suffer no rejection
Of my purpose fixed and fast.

IX.

Virgo virginum præclara,
 Mihi jam non sis amara ;
 Fac me parvum rapere ;
 Fac ut pulchrum sanctem portem,
 Qui nascendo vicit mortem,
 Volens vitam tradere.

X.

Fac me tecum satiari,
 Nato me inebriari,
 Stans inter tripudio.
 Inflammatus et accensus
 Obstupescit omnis sensus
 Tali de commercio.

XI.

Omnes stabulum amantes,
 Et pastores vigilantes
 Pernoctantes sociant.
 Per virtutem nati tui
 Ora ut electi sui
 Ad patriam veniant.

9.

Virgin, peerless of condition,
Be not wroth with my petition,
 Let me clasp thy little Son ;
Let me bear that child so glorious,
Him, whose birth, o'er death victorious,
 Willed that life for man was won.

10.

Let me, satiate with my pleasure,
Feel the rapture of thy treasure
 Leaping for that joy intense :
That, inflamed by such communion,
Through the marvel of that union
 I may thrill in every sense.

11.

All that love this stable truly,
And the shepherds watching duly,
 Tarry there the livelong night :
Pray that, by thy Son's dear merit,
His elected may inherit
 Their own country's endless light.

THE VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

IN the year 997, “whilst the priesthood struggled to regain through their anathemas the property that had been taken from them by violence, a young man, who knew neither to threaten nor to lie, nor to inspire others with fear, succeeded to the royal dignity which his father had usurped. It was Robert, only son of Hugh Capet.”—*Sismondi, Hist. Français.*

This King, “there is no good reason to doubt” (*Königsfeld*), was the author of the VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, a hymn that the best living authority regards as “the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry.”—*Trench.*

The ability of Robert II. to have composed the hymn which ranks next to the *Dies Iræ* and

Stabat Mater, is not improbable, for, according to the chronicle of Saint Bertin, he was a saint, a poet, and a musician :

“ Robert étoit très-pieux, prudent, lettré, et suffisamment philosophe, mais surtout excellent musicien. Il composa la prose du Saint-Esprit, qui commence par ces mots, *Adsit nobis gratia*, “ les rythmes, *Judæ et Hierusalem*, et *Cornelius Centurio*, qu'il “ offrit à Rome sur l'autel de Saint-Pierre, notés avec le chant “ qui leur étoit propre, de même que l'antiphone *Eripe*, et plusieurs autres beaux morceaux.”

The translation which is here given is from the *Lyra Germanica* of Catherine Winkworth. That work professes to be translated from the German; but its version of the VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS is a finer translation than any that professes to be from the Latin.

The only alteration which has been made in the text is the first word of the English version. As there was no reason for rendering the Latin verb by the English interjection “ O,” it is presumed that this was an unintended error of the usually faithful and scrupulous translator.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

ROBERT II.

I.

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
 Et emitte cœlitus,
 Lucis tuæ radium.

II.

Veni, pater pauperum,
 Veni, dator munerum,
 Veni, lumen cordium.

III.

Consolator optime,
 Dulcis hospes animæ,
 Dulce refrigerium.

THE VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

I.

COME, Holy Ghost ! Thou fire divine !
From highest heaven on us down shine !
Comforter, be Thy comfort mine !

2.

Come, Father of the poor, to earth ;
Come with Thy gifts of precious worth ;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth !

3.

Thou rich in comfort ! Ever blest
The heart where Thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

IV.

In labore requies,
 In æstu temperies,
 In fletu solatium.

V.

O lux beatissima !
 Reple cordis intima,
 Tuorum fidelium.

VI.

Sine tuo numine,
 Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

VII.

Lava quod est fordidum,
 Riga quod est aridum,
 Sana quod est faucium.

4.

Come Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noon-day heat,
Before whom mourning flieh fleet.

5.

Bright Sun of Grace ! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to Thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

6.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely naught.

7.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parchèd souls Thy waters pour ;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

viii.

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

ix.

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.

x.

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

8.

Thy will be ours in all our ways ;
O melt the frozen with Thy rays ;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

9.

And grant us, LORD, who cry to Thee,
And hold the Faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity.

10.

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss !

FIRST SPECIMEN OF THE Hymn.

THE VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

“CHARLEMAGNE, réclamé par l’Eglise comme un saint, par les Français comme “leur plus grand roi, par les Allemands comme “leur compatriote, par les Italiens comme leur “empereur,” is the reputed author of this Latin hymn. Men naturally prefer to trace a venerable and renowned composition to an unexpected authorship, and to find the refinement of letters in those otherwise distinguished; still more, to discover in a great soldier and a great king the doubly refined gift of *sacred* poetry. It is not impossible. “The eloquence of Charlemagne,” says his Secretary, “was abundant. “He was able to express with facility all he “wished; and, not content with his mother-tongue, he bestowed great pains upon foreign “languages. He had taken so well to the Latin, “that he was able to speak publicly in that lan-

“guage almost as easily as in his own. He
“understood Greek, and studied Hebrew.”

There remains of his muse an epitaph on Adrian I., in thirty-eight verses; the *Song of Roland*, an ode to the scholar Warnefride, and an epigram in hexameter verse. This epigram was found in a manuscript containing a commentary on the *Epistle to the Romans*, attributed to Origen, and corrected in the hand of Charlemagne. The subject of the hymn seems also to have engaged the attention of the Emperor, for there is a letter by him addressed to his bishops, entitled *De gratia septiformis Spiritus*. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle, his crown upon his head, and his copy of the Gospels upon his knees, January 28, 814.

The English version of the hymn is the paraphrase of Dryden, of which Warton says: “This is a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, and one of his most correct compositions.” There is a translation in the Prayer Book (Ordering of Priests) which is noteworthy, as being the only Breviary hymn retained by the Episcopal Church.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CHARLEMAGNE.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
 Mentes tuorum visita,
 Imple superna gratia,
 Quæ tu cœasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
 Altissimi donum Dei,
 Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
 Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
 Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,
 Tu rite promissum Patris,
 Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
 Infunde amorem cordibus,
 Infirma nostri corporis
 Virtute firmans perpeti.

THE VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour Thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O SOURCE of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

PLENTEOUS of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence !

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus:
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium;
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri fit gloria
Et Filio qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.

REFINE and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold 'em down.

CHASE from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace the fruit of love bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us on the way.

MAKE us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

THE VEXILLA REGIS.

THE VEXILLA REGIS was written about the year 580—two hundred years before the time of Charlemagne, and seven hundred years before the birth of the English language. It is therefore one of the oldest of mediæval hymns.

Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian, whose birth-place is unknown, was in early life a citizen of Ravenna, from which he was driven by the great invasion of the Lombards. He passed into France, and became the fashionable poet of his time. Subsequently he devoted his talents to a holier object, and became the friend of Saint Radegunde and Saint Gregory. He removed to Tours, was made Bishop of Poitiers, and died about the year 600.

“ This world-famous hymn, one of the grandest in the treasury of the Latin Church, was composed by Fortunatus on occasion of the reception of certain relics by Saint Gregory of Tours and Saint Radegunde, previously to the consecration of a church at Poitiers. It is therefore strictly and primarily a processional hymn, though, very naturally, afterwards adapted to Passion-tide.”—*Mediæval Hymns*.

“ C'est de Fortunat qu'est le VEXILLA REGIS composé, à l'occasion du morceau de la vraie croix, envoyé par l'empereur Justin à St. Radegonde.”—*Biographie Universelle*.

The last two verses were added when the hymn was appropriated to Passion-tide. The ending of Fortunatus is this :

“ With fragrance dropping from each bough,
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou :
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with Triumphal lays :—

“ Hail, Altar ! Hail, O Victim ! Thee
Decks now Thy Passion's Victory ;
Where Life for sinners death endured,
And life by death for man procured.”

VEXILLA REGIS.

FORTUNATUS.

I.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
 Fulget crucis mysterium,
 Quo carne carnis conditor
 Suspensus est patibulo.

II.

Quo vulneratus insuper
 Mucrone diro lanceæ,
 Ut nos lavaret crimine
 Manavit unda sanguine.

III.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit
 David fideli carmine
 Dicens: In nationibus
 Regnavit a ligno Deus.

THE VEXILLA REGIS.

DR. NEALE.

I.

THE Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flow'd, and blood.

3.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old ;
Amidst the nations God, faith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

IV.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
 Ornata regis purpura,
 Electa digno stipite
 Tam sancta membra tangere.

V.

Beata cuius brachiis
 Pretium pependit saeculi,
 Statera facta saeculi
 Prædamque tulit tartaris.

VI.

O crux ave, spes unica !
 Hoc passionis tempore,
 Auge pii institiam
 Reisque dona veniam.

VII.

Te summa Deus Trinitas
 Collaudet omnis spiritus
 Quas per crucis mysterium
 Salvas, rege per saecula.

4.

O Tree of Beauty ! Tree of Light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest !

5.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

6.

O Crofs, our one reliance, hail !
This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

7.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done ;
Whom by the Crofs Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.

THE ALLELUIAITIC SEQUENCE.

THIS famous Sequence, which may be regarded as the parent of every Hallelujah Chorus that has been written since, was composed by Godescalcus, prior to the year 950—the year of his death. The little that is known of him is given by his translator.

“There is only one thing,” says Dr. Neale, “with respect to the use of any of my hymns that has grieved me—the rejection of the noble melody of the ALLELUIAITIC SEQUENCE, and that for a third-rate chant. What would be said of chanting the *Dies Iræ*? And yet I really believe that it would suffer less than does the CANTEMUS CUNCTI by such a substitution. Further, be it noticed, every sentence—I had almost said every

word—of the version was carefully fitted to the music, and the length of the lines corresponds to the length of each *troparion* in the original.”

“ If it be said that the original melody is difficult, I can only reply that I have frequently heard it sung by a choir of children, of ages varying from four to fourteen; and never more prettily than when, without any accompaniment at all, in the open fields—the very small ones joining in for the greater part with the whole of their little energy.”—*Mediæval Hymns*.

CANTEMUS CUNCTI.

GODESCALCUS.

CANTEMUS cuncti melodum nunc
ALLELUIA.

ii. In laudibus æterni regis hæc plebs resul-
tet ALLELUIA.

iii. Hoc denique cœlestes chori cantent in
altum ALLELUIA.

iv. Hoc beatorum per prata paradisiaca psallat
concentus ALLELUIA.

v. Quin et astrorum micantia luminaria jubi-
lent altum ALLELUIA.

vi. Nubium cursus, ventorum volatus, ful-
gurum coruscatio et tonitruum fo-
nitus dulce consonent simul
ALLELUIA.

THE ALLELUIAITIC SEQUENCE.

DR. NEALE.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, *Alleluia.*

2. To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd people sing *Alleluia.*
3. And the Choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky *Alleluia.*
4. They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
home *Alleluia.*
5. The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say
Alleluia.
6. Ye clouds that onward sweep !
Ye winds on pinions light !
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep !
Ye lightnings, wildly bright !
In sweet consent unite your *Alleluia.*

vii. Fluctus et undæ, imber et procellæ, tempestas et serenitas, cauma, gelu, nix, prunæ, saltus, nemora pangant ALLELUIA.

viii. Hinc variæ volucres creatorem laudibus concinite cum ALLELUIA.

ix. Ast illic respondeant voces altæ diversarum bestiarum ALLELUIA.

x. Iftinc montium celsi vertices sonent ALLELUIA.

xi. Hinc vallium profunditates saltent ALLELUIA.

xii. Tu quoque maris jubilans abyſſe dic ALLELUIA.

xiii. Nec non terrarum molis immensitates : ALLELUIA.

xiv. Nunc omne genus humanum laudans exultet : ALLELUIA.

xv. Et creatori grates frequentans confonet : ALLELUIA.

xvi. Hoc denique nomen audire jugiter delectatur . ALLELUIA.

7. Ye floods and ocean billows !
Ye storms and winter snow !
Ye days of cloudlets beauty !
Hoar frost and summer glow !
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing *Alleluia.*

8. First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great CREATOR's praise, and say
Alleluia.

9. Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again
Alleluia.

10. Here let the mountains thunder forth, sono-
rous, *Alleluia.*

11. There, let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia.

12. Thou jubilant abyfs of ocean, cry *Alleluia.*

13. Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia.

14. To God, who all Creation made,
Alleluia.

15. The frequent hymn be duly paid : *Alleluia.*

16. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
LORD of all things loves : *Alleluia.*

xvii. Hoc etiam carmen cœleste comprobat
ipse Christus : **ALLELUIA.**

xviii. Nunc vos socii cantate lætantes :
ALLELUIA.

xix. Et vos pueruli respondete semper
ALLELUIA.

xx. Nunc omnes canite simul Alleluia dom-
ino, Alleluia Christo pneumatique
ALLELUIA.

xxi. Laus Trinitati æternæ in baptismo domini
quæ clarificatur : Hinc canamus :
ALLELUIA.

17. This is the song, the heav'ly song, that
CHRIST Himself approves: *Alleluia.*
18. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, *Alleluia.*
19. And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.
20. Now from all men be out-pour'd
Alleluia to the LORD ;
With Alleluia evermore
The SON and SPIRIT we adore.
21. Praise be done to the THREE in ONE.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

APPENDIX

THE concluding lines of the extract given at page 4, are in the original :

“Si tua nuncia prævenit uncia, surge, sequaris ;
 Expete limina, nulla gravamina jam verearisi.
 Si datur uncia, stat prope gratia Pontificalis ;
 Sin procul hæc valet, hæc tibi lex manet est schola talis.”

The ninth and tenth stanzas of the STABAT MATER are more literally rendered in the following than in the version of Lord Lindsay. They also show the inability of the English double rhyme to express the pathos which invests the Latin.

“ Let me with His stripes be rended ;
 Let me by His blood be cleansèd—
 Looking to the Crucified.
 Then, O Virgin, by thee lighted,
 Wakened, warmed, aroused, excited,
 For the judgment sanctified.

“ Let me by the Cross directed,
 By the death of CHRIST protected,
 See below His glory far.
 Then, this body mouldering, riven—
 Then be to my spirit given
 Paradisi Gloria ! ”

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The Seven Great Hymns of the Church

